

His soaring eloquence and unsurpassed power of oratory delighted the charmed and silent multitude. Over that sea of upturned faces the softening influence of the better life seemed shed. They glowed as if transfigured by the innate might of soul. The sordid and the worldly forgot their plans, schemes, and dreamed awhile of heaven; the hardened and the irreligious listened with a throbbing pulse, a moistened eye; the coldly intellectual saw the heart's glow of affection; the doubter believed in God; the conscience-stricken wrong doer yielded; and, consumed with his own guilty soul,

"I would give it to you."

"Thank you, thank you!" cried Cosella, eagerly, and she pressed the flower to her lips. "Tell me," she said, beseeching him to know not why, "what is the lecturer's name?"

"Is it possible you have been listening to him the whole evening without knowing his name?"

"I only heard by chance of the coming of an English speaker; I have not taken time to read the notices in the papers."

"Why, my dear, he is famed all over the land. He is one of the most talented, and was one of the first developed mediums; his name is Percival Wayne."

Again that delicious soul-absorbing thrill of delight, followed by the sense of utter loneliness. Cosella could not speak; a spell she could not fathom, an influence she could not define, was upon her. She could only pray with her heart's most fervent utterance: "Help me, my God; for I know not what this means."

And angels have told me that the crowning joy of his life shall be given through my ministering hands. And I know that his counterpart in spirit and in soul awaits me in the spirit-spheres; that a radiant star-lore is his home; that I wear the betrothal token; and in the countless ages of the hereafter, I shall be his blest and loved crowned bride. Oh, brother Almon, how much of light and truth has dawned upon my heart and once depending soul!"

"Thou art indeed thrice blessed!" he replied—"and of such indeed is the kingdom of our God. But, Solita, dearest sister, what can it be that has brought us hither thus suddenly?"

"We will be silent awhile; perhaps the wise and unseen ones will impress us," she replied.

the veiled lashes, broken words escaping from her lips. Over the couch bent Solita Mendez, and from her cheek, too, the life tints had departed; expectation, anxiety, hope, a wild, vague feeling of joy had whitened her lovely countenance unto the marble semblance that it wore. On his knees, with the tender compassion depicted on his face, which the guardian angels of the race must feel, was Almon Fairlie; he had whispered a few hurried words to Solita, which had filled her breast with a tumultuous joy! As she watched the rescued girl, a recollection of distant haunting and suggestive, came vividly be-

7 you know of me or mine? You know of the mystery
 8 that enshrouds my life! My name, my confessions
 9 have startled you. In your eyes and on your brow
 10 I read the balled sign of knowledge—of medium-
 11 ship. I have been told to you by the blessed angels
 12 Tell me, in the name of God and Truth! *where is my*
 13 *father?"*
 14 And, as a weary and beseeching child, she laid her
 15 head upon the lady's lap and wept.
 16 Struggling with the joy that deprived her for the
 17 time of speech, Solita bowed her golden head, and
 18 mingled the sister's with the daughter's tears!

Thus passed three weeks, and she had learned to love Solita, with all the yearning power of a long friendless. She indulged in rapturous anticipations of future happiness, in which Solita, the adopted sister of her father, was to share. With a fond and pensive smile, that friend revealed to her her stay on earth was short—that soon she knew would be called to the spirit-realms. Cosella, tearful and wondering, hoped and prayed that the now-fatherless sister would be left to earth for many happy years to come.

awaited the coming of Percival, and Solita depended upon the future and the gift of the spiritual gifts of healing, the loving counsel and the sage rebuke. One calm twilight eve, Solita sat by the window in Solita's chamber, dreaming sweetly of the future, and so absorbed in thought she did not feel the opening door. The new fresh and happy Topsy, who with her mischievous had been rescued from the life of want, gave warning of the approach of an intruder, as he ignorantly deemed all who entered the room or house. His sharp, quick bark aroused Solita from her visions of the cottage home by the sea-side, that favorite and long cherished hope of her life.

It was Solita, clad in white robes, who entered softly. "Come, my Solita, come," she said, in the soft Spanish tongue with which she often addressed her; there was a tender tremulousness in her voice, and as she bent to kiss the upturned brow of the maiden, she left a falling tear-drop there.

A sympathetic tremor shook Solita's frame—a sudden and delicious joy, followed by a vague apprehension, succeeded the first start of surprise. Her lovely throbbing heart, Solita's manner, the thrilling intuitions whispering confusedly—revealed to her that the long prayed for hour had come, that was to lead her to her father's love.

She gazed into Solita's face as they passed through the lighted entry. It was illuminated by a joy divine; a strange and solemn earnestness sat on her brow; the smile that wreathed her lips was one of mystic heavenly significance; the soul light in her eyes was that of glory, saintly and achieved! The loosened golden showers of her hair fell in long ringlets over cheek and bosom; amid them she had twined a fresh and fragrant chaplet of white lilies, and at her girdle she wore the emblematic flowers she loved so well. Thus arrayed, in apostolic white, thus radiantly beautiful and shy crowned, she appeared to Solita's tear-filled eyes and adoring heart, like some rare impersonation of a vestal queen, or bridal fair of heaven!

She knew not wherefore, but a vague, and feeling, stole timorously to her soul; she glanced at her own attire, arranged by Solita's graceful hand; her own white robes of a warmer texture were faced and embroidered with a rich rose tinge, and the fresh blush roses of the guarded conservatory were twined amid her dark brown curls. Hand in hand, they descended the stairs, and entered the sitting room. They were met at the door by Almon Fairlie, who greeted them silently.

Led on by Solita, the trembling girl advanced, never daring to lift her eyes to where she looked, the noble and long suffering man, the father of her thoughts and love!

"The Heavenly Father has supremely blessed me, and the prophecy of years is now fulfilled!" spoke clear and thrilling the music voice of the "Guiding Star." "My life is crowned and blessed! I bring to thee thy daughter, Percival!"

As in a dream, she felt his gaze upon her face, and her soul arose in filial reverence and in holiest joy! One look into that pale and beautiful countenance, and with a cry of recognition, such as bursts from the lips of the blest and reunited in the spirit-realm, she sprang into his outstretched arms!

"My wandering dove! my Len's child!" he murmured; and the holy baptism of a father's love bedewed with sacred tears her upturned brow; his kisses, like the smiles of the All Beneficent, showered sunlight warmth upon the orphaned and long-tormented heart.

Not with the calm of the ordinary filial relation, ship did Solita return his love and tears. It was worship, adoration, the hallowed tenderness of life and soul, that she with prayers and almost frantic joy gave to this long lost father of her dreams!

She kissed his hands, his hair, his very garments; she fell at his feet and kissed them, and in that worshipful attitude remained, gazing worshipfully into his face, until with gentle entreaty he called her from that lowly posture to his sheltering arms.

"My Lamb! long storm-tossed! sorely disciplined! My pure, brave child! Rest safely on thy father's breast! There, nevertheless the cruel world shall reach to harm thee; and hand in hand, linked with the inspiring angels, we two will work out the Father's will, and return the love of God for human hatred."

"With you, my father—with you I will dare and brave all of life and sorrow; but I could no more alone! My blessed Father! Oh tell me that you love me, once again; me, the untutored girl—how can I stand by thee, the gifted and the mighty of intellect, heart and soul, nor feel my utter nothingness?"

"Hush, hush, my daughter! my beloved, long-sought for child! Do you know how I have mourned for you, till my couch was wet with tears; and the night wind burdened with thy father's sighs? Have I not wandered far and wide to seek thee? And am I not grateful to find thee thus true to thy soul's intuitions, to thy God, and to my fervent hopes?"

"Say that you love me; tell me so again, my father!" she pleaded, dwelling prayerfully on the hallowed words.

"I love thee, child of my life's hope! Dearest than my own soul art thou to me. Of all the choicest gifts of God, thou art the most precious, my beloved child!"

"Oh forgive me!" she continued, with her tear-filled eyes fixed on his face. "I have been so long forsaken, so long alone, that I dare not trust my happiness. The holy name of affection is desecrated by the earth's abuse. I have lived to doubt the expressions, and disbelieve in the existence of all love, save that indissoluble tie of nature and of God, that binds me to my father's soul! You, of all the earth's millions, are what my spirit craves and demands. With you I can pray and aspire, labor and achieve, trust and rest, now and in the hereafter!"

Again he pressed her to his heart, again he kissed her brow, and looked with paternal fondness in her radiant face.

A gentle sigh, mingled with the fragrant lily-breath, the soft night wind toward them.

"Come hither, brother," he said to Almon Fairlie; and that true friend approached with beaming eyes that smiled through tears.

"Aid will not my sister Solita, too, come near? See you, with this other brother, has prepared this great joy for a father's heart? Will she not share the joy, as I have shared the sorrow?"

But Solita replied not. She sat in her accustomed place by the window, in the crimson velvet and antique chair that was her favorite seat. Her hands clasped on her bosom, her head thrown back, her golden ringlets floating over neck and cheek, she moved not at all.

With his daughter clinging to his arm, Percival approached her, and called her by her spirit name. There was no reply; and bending down, he laid his hand upon the pure white forehead—it was cold and still; the dark eyes, veiled by the soft golden lashes, would flash no more their love-beams on this world. In an attitude of rest repose, calm, happy, peaceful, she had heard the angels' call, and with a child's submission and a seraph's joy, had passed unfeigningly, the morning portals of another life!

"Thy will be done," said Percival, in the low and solemn tone of fervent acceptance. Weep not, my child, she is not dead! to our outer sense she is no

longer visible, yet will she be with us often, and be the "Guiding Star" unto a host of souls. Thy restoration to us, my dear, was the object of her fulfilled earthly mission. Joy, joy, to thee Solita! thou favored and blest of God!

With her head upon her father's shoulder, Solita wept for the beautiful one just departed; and Almon Fairlie, gazing through a mist of tears upon the serene and sleeping countenance, said in a low and trembling voice:

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAMS.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Cold blew the midnight air—
Madly our vessel tossed the mounting spray!
High o'er the bounding ocean, far away,
Rode Luna's red-rimmed glow,
The tempest clouds went hurrying o'er the sea—
The land gleamed on the lee!

The evening watch was past,
And soon, below, in slumber's golden round,
A thought, like a land-bird, o'er the sea-wave bound,
That seeks the resting nest,
Then wings her flight, above the billowy roar,
Spied onward to the shore.

They came to me in dreams—
The peerless mislives of a holler sky—
The rainbow hues that through creation fly
When grief's wild torrent streams!
Cherishing they came as lakes in desert base:
The joys of other days!

The golden light that shone—
The hopes that sunk where plummet may not sound,
And Time's grey billows tread this endless round:
The love whose mystic tone
Bade Heaven's pure host their stately wings expand
Along youth's fairy land.

Old faces met my view—
Old tones, that thrilled the faded long ago,
Came to the ear in music calm and slow.
As when, 'neath twilight dew,
I saw the far-off spires to crimson turn—
The flame-red windows burn!

The morning gilded the sea;
Slowly we faced again the watery toll,
Tossing with our lives—amid the struggling broil
Good from the ill must flee!
For mortal joy and truth may only beam
From the tired spirit's dream!

Oh, frozen earth! how long
Will thou glare coldly in the light of God,
Bright streaming down the path Eminent tread
With his heart's true strong!
When wilt thou burst into a victor lay,
As Memnon bled the day?

Never! thy form is vile—
We may not wear the vestment of the sky—
We may not hear the low, sweet melody
That wakens the Eden smile,
Till from our hearts we tear thy grasping clay,
And king-like soar away!

We glean where angels reap!
We stand in the cornery of thy field,
And vainly strive some passing good to yield
Ere some the closing sleep—
Near in some other combats, and are gone—
And earth swags blindly on!

"Stand on the hills," oh Lord!
Even as of old the weary pilgrim cried,
Aid! that we trench the towering hills of pride,
And spread the highways broad,
O'er which, at least, the trembling soul shall roam
Bearing their harvest home!

Ritiques.

A Southern Journal lays down the following rules in relation to etiquette:—1. Before you bow to a lady in the street, permit her to decide whether you may do so or not, by at least a look of recognition. 2. When your companions bow to a lady, you should do the same; when a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return. There is a great deal of confusion about these little matters with some people, proceeding not so much from ignorance as from a disposition to trust every sense but common sense. The Albany Atlas very sensibly amplifies on the above hints of its Southern contemporary, and observes that "nothing is so ill understood in America, as these conventional laws of society, so well understood and practiced in Europe. Ladies complain that gentlemen pass them in the street unmolested, when, in fact, the fault arises from their own breach of politeness. It is their duty to do the amiable first, for it is a privilege which ladies enjoy of choosing their own associates or acquaintances. No gentleman likes to risk the 'cut' in the street by a lady, through premature salute. Too many ladies, it would seem, do not know their trade of politeness. Meeting ladies in the street, whom one has casually met in company, they seldom bow, unless he bows first; and when a gentleman ever departs from the rule of good-breeding, except occasionally, by way of experiment, his acquaintances do not multiply, but he winds probably charged with rudeness. A lady must be civil to a gentleman in whose company she may be casually placed; but a gentleman is not upon this to presume upon an acquaintance which the first time he afterwards meets her in the street. If he be well, she gives some token of recognition, when the gentleman may bow; other wise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman, for he will promptly and politely answer, even if he has forgotten his fair salute; no one but a brute can do otherwise; should he pass on rudely, his character is declared, and there is a cheap rebuke. Politeness or good-breeding is like law—the reason of things."

Nature and Nobility.

It is a fact that there are no noblemen to be compared with those turned out of the workshop of Nature; she does not stop half-way in the business, and furnishes materials that are calculated to last. In illustration of this fact that Nature is greater and better than conventionalism, the Rev. F. W. Robertson not long ago narrated to an assembly of the members of the "Working Men's Institute," England, the following very interesting anecdote:—

A few years ago I was engaged in a chamois hunting among the crags and glaciers of the Tyrol. My companion was a Tyrolean chamois hunter, a man who, in point of social position, might rank with an English laborer. I fear that there would be difficulty in England in making such a companionship pleasant and easy to both parties; there would be a painful obsequiousness, or else an insolent familiarity on the one side, contrast on the other. In this case there was nothing of the sort. We walked together and ate together. He had all the independence of a man, but he knew the courtesy which was due to a stranger. When we parted for the night, he took his leave with a politeness and dignity which would have done no credit to the most finished gentleman. The reason, as it seemed to me, was that his character had been moulded by the nobility of the forms of the outworn nature amid which he lived. It was impossible to see the clouds wreathing themselves in that strange, wild way of theirs round the mountain peaks, all the hills seem to become awful things fraught with life. It was impossible to walk, as we did sometimes, an hour or two before sunrise, and see the morning beams gliding with their pure light the grand old peaks on the opposite side of the valley, while we ourselves were still in deepest shade, and look on that man, with his ruddy face and his curling hair, in his high green hat, his very exterior in harmony with all around him, and his calm eye resting on all that wondrous scene without feeling that these things had their part in making him what he was, and that you were in a country in which men were bound to be polished, bound to be more refined, almost bound to be better men than elsewhere."

A COSTLY MAIL.—It has recently come out that the mail route from Kansas to Stockton, in California, which was restored by a proviso passed by the House

of Representatives, costs the Post Office department at the rate of eighty thousand dollars per annum! For the nine months it was in operation, the returns showed that there were transported in this mail between Kansas and Stockton but three letters and twenty-five newspapers! The service was useless as an extravagant, and was discontinued by the Postmaster General. The House has now ordered it to be restored, although there are four other routes, maintained at vast cost, connecting the valley of the Mississippi with the Pacific, and although over eight hundred and twenty-five miles of this route a mail is now carried under a pre-existing contract. Thus the depressed revenues of the Department are to be made to pay eighty thousand dollars for the carriage of three letters and twenty-five newspapers during the ensuing year!

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

In the old time, as in the new, there were phases of skepticism in so far as the priest class and superstitious conservatism would allow. Herodotus chimes readily to spiritualistic moods, while, with Thucydides, amen strikes in the throat. Lys has responsive flow to the spiritual current, while Polybius questions whether the bed of the river be secure. When speaks of the sacrifices deemed to Anatius, when Philip had caused to be poisoned, he says, "If the dead therefore retain any sense, it is probable that Anatius must not be contemptible with a pleasing rationalism, not only the gratitude of the Achaean, but all the difficulties of his life." Again, in speaking of that Sage whom we cited from Lys in our last paper, as being admonished by dreams of the night and visions on the bed, as per Daniel and others in Bibledom, Polybius would dispose of Gentile and Hebrew oracles on the following wise: He says, "An opinion prevailed among all who heard the story of these dreams, that Solon, not only when he was asleep, but in his waking moments also, and in the time of day, held familiar converse with the Gods. It was no dream, however, that gave him any assistance in his business. Not, being by nature gnomes, magnificent, and courteous in his address, he had before confided the favor of the multitude. Add to this, that he had also the skill to choose his proper time, both with the people and his mother. By these means it was that he not only obtained his purpose, but was judged to have acted under the impulse of a divine admonition. For it is usual with men who, through the fault of their own nature, and a want either of activity or of skill, to ascribe these events to the Gods and fortunes, which are accomplished only by the ready and dexterous management of sound sense and reason. I thought it necessary to make these reflections, that my readers might not be so far misled by the opinion which is falsely propagated concerning Solon, as to overlook what was brightest and most admirable in his character: I mean his dexterity, and his unvaried application to affairs."

How it will be seen how much ancient Polybius cleaves to dry powder as of unpopularity to the trust in the Lord. Not even our own Mr. Buckle has staked out history more in conformity with square, rule, plumb and level, accompanied by apt psalmody of which, row-dow-dow, in deafening clangor of onward sweeping, merciless machinery, rending all, engulfing all, with no salvation by the spirit. We had a long and afflictive sojourn on such a plane—a no good we have left it, but not living truth shown as a supermundane character—tested and proven beyond the scope of any material formula, so that we now put more trust in spiritual interpolation and government, equivalent to Lords or Gods; though we also have faith in the correlative or harmoniously blending counterpart of dry powder, as an indispensable part of action in maintaining the proper equipoise of flesh and blood with the kingdom of heaven.

We admire Mr. Buckle in so far as his vision extends—nor if he grows into spiritual vision will he find that the truth above him in conflict with the truths below. His great work would they carry the soft bleeding of the spiritual aura—a halo of light in amber be clothed in nobleness of life, and sweet and more sweet would grow the embrace of the spiritual sun.

Niebuhr, in his history of Rome, in speaking of the ancient legendary lore, such as Noah's and Deucalion's flood, and kindred traditions of the elders, says, "Legends of this sort will not be looked upon by any as historical; but in the light as national pedigrees, like the Mosalca. . . . That portions, indeed, of these genealogies are grounded on very erroneous suppositions, or at least on accounts which in Paris have been misunderstood, is exemplified in the Mosalca; wherein race, which undeniably belong to entirely different families, are represented as connected; and I am very willing to allow that those of the Greek mythology may contain still greater errors." Thus we see how little worth is the infallible Word in the earlier Jewish surroundings. In earlier Italy, the Etruscans had largest growth of that peculiar God-dom of kindred and contemporary civilizations—all presenting the accompanying garniture of exotic husks and rituals as fitting complement of the inner holy of holies. Thus "caballo's, cribb'd, couched," whether in Italia, Grecia, or old Jewry, "a free expansion of the intellect," says Niebuhr, in poetry and science, could never take place among a people whose pride and study lay in divination and ritual worship. It was from them (the Etruscans), that the Romans had borrowed the most important part of that science which makes use of signs in conjecturing the will of the Gods. They alone could see through the meaning of terrible prodigies, and knew how to appease the wrath of the celestial powers. The pure and infallible source of this learning was supposed to be the national property of the Etruscans, ever since the time when it was taught them by Tages, a wise dwarf, who rose out of the ground, such as occurs in the ancient fables of the Germans." So, too, in old Jewry, "The Lord came from Sinai, and from Seir he rose up to us," as an apparition. So, too, our modern divines, or diviners, receive old Jewry as the only "infallible source of this learning." "In the East and in Italy," says Niebuhr, "the soothsayer was a tyrant and the abettor of the ruling powers; he always tried to keep the people in chains." How completely apt is this to every priest-class that has ever been. Our modern clergy, as much as is possible, treading in the footsteps of their illustrious soothsaying predecessors; and the people, in their ignorance, love to have it so.

What reform can be instituted without finding the priesthood the most intractable of opponents, the most conservative of wrongs. "At Rome," continues Niebuhr, "the yoke of a degrading superstition, which was observed as an instrument of tyranny by the aristocracy, was not broken until judiciously introduced by the Gallician Greek, Ennius, and became naturalized as morals declined. Such is the case in the history of human affairs, that as the best of things have something bad growing to them, and causing their inward decay, the extinction of this incidental evil may afford us some consolation, when the ruins of what once was excellent are swept away, with all their pleasing recollections and illusions; there is no ill without some good at its side."

Says this author: "The contents of the (Etruscan) ritual books were of a different kind; they resembled the Mosalca in prescribing the laws of the State as the law of the Gods; they ordained the course to be observed in founding and building a city, in establishing and consecrating such edifices and places as were to be sacred and inviolable; they settled the constitution of the curies, tribes and centuries, and generally all regulations relative to war and peace. The same, too, were the laws originally obeyed by the Romans, who related their lives without casting their aside, and whose anxiety never to abolish them, but to leave the appearance subsisting when the reality had lost its

meaning, was a result of their original sanctity. These books must undoubtedly have been the fundamental text for the main part of the pontifical laws, the institutions, however, in which the preliminary step was to draw the limits of a temple for augurs—such as the law for measuring land, and for marking out a camp—were more probably grounded on the religious books of the Kalends."

The ancient Egyptian theologians held the relation to that of old Jewry as parent to the child; and the Mosalca, with its kindred unfoldings, were but the offshoot of a common stock, identical in the stem, but variable in the branches—the same as the rival religious sects of today have a common basis, but swear that the Lord speaks only through the sect to which the sectary belongs, as the human trunk contra Protestant branches, and these against the trunk, and as Jewry, don against Egyptianism and regions round about. Thus we see, as among ourselves, how narrow and fragmental souls are moulded by parents or by teachers, whence outgrowths are deemed legitimate only where the twigs are inclined by inversion to the Jewish trunk.

In the "Historical Researches," Heeren informs us that "the Egyptian priesthood, belonging to each temple were again, among themselves, strictly organized. They had a high priest, whose office was likewise hereditary, and the disposition of the rest was made according to the state of affairs."

It scarcely needs to be mentioned, that these offices of high priest, in the metropolitan temples of Egypt, were the first and highest in the State. To a certain degree they were hereditary, nearly equal advantages. Their statues were erected in the temple. Whenever they are mentioned in history, even in the Mosalca period, they are represented as the highest persons in the State. When Joseph became elevated in Egypt, the first step he took was to connect himself by marriage with the priest-class; he married the daughter of the high priest of On or Heliopolis.

The organization of the inferior priesthood was, perhaps, different in different cities, according to the size and wants of the locality. They did not continue the ruling race more because from them were chosen the servants of the State, but much rather because they monopolized every branch of scientific knowledge, which was entirely foreign to the locality, and had immediate reference to the wants of the people. The reader must banish the idea that these, or even their most useful employment, was the service of the Gods—an idea which the few following callings of priests will much tend to expel. They were judges, physicians, soothsayers, architects—in short, everything in which any species of scientific knowledge was required."

So, too, in old Jewry, the inferior or heretical priest hood were sometimes termed soothsayers, or wizards; and even, sometimes, the more exclusive class, as when "Saul had put away those who had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land, the reference is doubtless to the college of augurs, or the Lord's priests at Nob, who were inclined to the side of David, whom they found to be more the man after a priestly pattern than Saul. Our modern fragmental orthodoxy regards Universalists and Unitarians as heretics and infidels, and would deny that the Lord would manifest to them in more acceptable ways than by soothsayer or wizard. In our old theologians the measure of the Lord is that wherein he conforms to regular usage, venerable fossils and time-worn rats as deep as the bottomless pit, for the continuous revolving of the wheels of old time; but from this constantly growing depth of slough there shall be neither variegated nor shadow of turning. Our Swedenborgian and Harlequin clans are rather prone to similar squatter sovereignty upon the old logs and marbles, as a fitting pharisaic basis for the exclusion of their neighbors. If it is simply the old distances which lend enchantment to the view, why not behold as reverently the works of the Lord in old Egypt as in old Jewry? From everything we know of Egyptian antiquity," says Heeren, "there can remain no doubt but that the principal branches of legislation had attained a high point of perfection in Egypt perhaps higher than in any other country of the East. There requires no further proof of this than the fact that the Mosalca legislation, which took place prior to the flourishing period of the Pharaohs, was (without question) formed upon the Egyptian model. Some of their Kings, Decretists in particular, are celebrated as great legislators; and though it may have happened that the work of many centuries, and many philosophers, was unjustly ascribed to individuals, it does not the less prove that it existed. . . . If the Jews knew the idea of the continuance, the decline, and the restoration of his State, with that of the stability, overthrow and rebuilding of his temple, how much more must this have been the case with the Egyptians, where the priest-class had even still greater influence than it had among the Jews! . . . The same elements which denoted the Gods are not unfrequently conferred upon the monarch—not only the same head-dress, with the serpent, but also the same attributes, the rod, and what is called the key, the sign of initiation into the mysteries, which must have been their original meaning, and indeed, even the royal banner. The priests pay the same honors to the King as the latter pays again to the Gods. . . . Another field opens itself here for divines, if they would like to compare the religious notions of ancient Thebes with the descriptions given by the Jews of their sanctuaries, the tabernacle, the temple and the sacred utensils."

"This is not the place for a comparison of this kind; but how many things described in the Scriptures do we find in these engravings! The ark of the covenant, the cherubim with their extended wings, the holy candlesticks, the shew bread, and many parts of the sacrifices. In the architecture itself a certain analogy is instantly recognized, although among the Jews everything was on a smaller scale. . . . The holy ark of Ammon is here seen on the river, fully equipped, and being towed along by another. It is thus performing a voyage. . . . Sesostris, or Rameses the Great, was as much beloved of the Lord as 'my servant Moses' or Joshua. 'Beloved and confirmed of Ammon—Son of the God of the Sun—Ruler of the obedient people,' are the titles here frequently bestowed upon him. . . . Two obelisks, one hundred and twenty yards high, containing an account of his treasures and the nations he had conquered, were placed before the temple of Ammon; and a new and splendid ark for the ark of cedar, gilded outside and silvered within, was bestowed on the interior. . . . With regard to the government, there can be no doubt but that, upon the whole, it always remained a monarchy, under the dominion of the priests. . . . It followed, as a matter of course, that the person elected or nominated by the priests, would be very much under their control; hence it happened that nothing of importance could be undertaken till the oracle had been first consulted. In many of the processions of the oracle-ships, pictured on the walls of the temples and palaces, the King is seen coming to meet the holy ark, borne by priests, in such positions, as prove beyond a doubt that he comes to obtain a favorable decision from the oracle."

But there was another circumstance which was still more effectual than even the oracle in holding the monarchs dependent upon the priests. I mean the strict ceremonies by which their every-day life was regulated; an example of which is also found in the power exercised in a similar manner over the monarchs of Persia by the Magi. Early in the morning (as was natural in so hot a climate), says Diodorus, the affairs of state were settled. The sacred ceremonies next followed. The king went to sacrifice and prayer; he was then obliged to listen while he was reminded from the sacred writings of his duties. In which the greatest possible moderation in all enjoyments were strictly insisted on. . . . The wives of the King were equal in rank and title with himself, queens even ruled in Egypt. . . . The single law which inflicted the same punishment for the murder of a freeman and an slave, gives a proof of an advance in moral civilization which is seldom seen within the nations of antiquity."

It is very apparent from the monuments of Egypt, that the Mosalca dispensation is simply an offshoot or extract from the older Egyptian theologies. The Urim and Thummim, or breast-plate of the high priest who consulted Jehovah through his mysteries, is but a copy of the like in the Egyptian temples, where it was an emblem of the Ammonian Godhead. The Judge, or High priest, had the appellation of Lord or God as in old Jewry. Says Heeren: "He, as an emblem of his dignity, wore round his neck a golden chain, to which was attached an amulet set in precious stones, with a hieroglyphic (Zedion) It was called Traith." An in old Jewry, superlatively had interchangeable names, as Lord God, Angel, &c., so in Egypt, "Ammon is represented in full dress, with a golden chain." So, too, in the temple at Jerusalem was found, as per Diodorus, a carved statue of Jehovah, with a long beard, sitting upon an ass—probably significant of the long care of those who paid tithes to have him supported in state, as the local and ordinary God of Israel; and in like manner as to emblematic Gods in the regions round about. "Though the deity may prescribe laws for particular cases, says Heeren, "it is not possible that they should contain directions for every case that might happen; hence the authority of the Deities becomes principally limited to this: that nothing can be transacted without their consent. Their will, therefore, must be consulted, their oracles interpreted. If the ruler did this himself, he found it no difficult matter to make them speak as he wished; he then stood as it were in the place of the deity himself, and instead of his power being limited thereby, it was rather extended. In consequence of this, it was usual in theocratic states to consider the usurpation of this power by the king as unlawful. Samuel broke with Saul as soon as he took upon himself to consult with Jehovah. This right the priests reserved to themselves, and this was the foundation of their political power."

It appears to have been reserved for the American Republic to emerge from the ignominious bondage of the Jewish theocracy, perpetuated by Roman and Protestant priests, by making the religious nature of man himself, from childhood, and frightening fear, thought with "Gorgons, hydras and chimerae direct," and soul-educational lore with the slightest which old Jewry found among the trinkets spoiled from the Egyptians. Modern spiritualism is about to take an account of all these things, and will render unto Jewry all that belongs there, and unto Gentileism what may there belong.

Let us see if the heavens of the Gentiles compare not favorably with the dark valley and shadow of death of the Hebrew plane. From the "Elegies of Tibullus" we give a description of the higher heavens and the shades below. The spirit free from his tenement of clay—

Then Love thy ghost (for Love I still obey'd,
Will grateful wait till to Elysian shade;
There joy and sweetest rest thy spirit shall find;
There shalt thou dwell, and from every grief be free;
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It is not compelled to go upon his belly upon Gentile as upon Hebrew ground. In the holy temple of Esculapius, he has a sacred function assigned to him. Says Anacharsis, "He is rarely suffered to go out, but when this liberty is permitted him, he walks majestically through the streets, and as his appearance is deemed a happy omen, it excites universal joy." Let us thank God and take courage that the Gentile have escaped the fall in Eden, and are thus without the pale of the Hebrew curse and the orthodox scheme of damnation.

Anacharsis, in representing the theologies of those in old time, cites those accounts who recorded the various beliefs in Gods, angels, spirits, genii, souls, or inhabitants of the transmundane world, and says, "These intelligences, the essence of which is a most pure and subtle fire, are subordinate to the Supreme Being, as a chorus of musicians is to its corypheus, or an army to its general; but as they emanate from that Being, the school of Pythagoras gives to them the name of divine substances; hence the expressions common with these philosophers, that the Sage is a God; that the Myra Being is the spirit and soul of the world; that he penetrates, incorporates with, and vivifies matter. . . . Thus all animated Nature is only one single family, of which God is the head."

We have not been able to get much ahead of this in the march of progression. Indeed, we seem rather prone to confine our vision to old Jewry, and to claim that God never was the head of any other family because the Jews in pharisaical arrogance asserted it. But Mr. Mitford, in his "History of Greece," says that "Theos, or rather Theo, Deo, Dia, Jove, and the Hebrew which we write Jehovah, though in the Oriental orthography it has only four letters, were originally one name." The Douay or Bible of the Romish churches write the name Javeh, instead of Jehovah, which letter they declare to be a modern invention. To show the family relation between the ancient conceptions of Hebrew and Gentile Gods, the Hebraists, as the Jews, claimed that it was God working in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure. The Hebrew, however inflated, ascribed the flow, turbid or clear, to the manifest presence of God; hence, the "Thus saith the Lord," "The word of the Lord came unto me," "The hand of the Lord was upon me," and "He opened my mouth, &c." So, too

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GOSPEL FOR THE HEATHEN.

If four home churches think it worth their while, and not only worth their while, but indispensably necessary, to send out men and women in every direction to carry the "gospel" to the "heathen," they manifestly must feel called upon by far louder considerations than ever moved them yet, to present themselves, one and all, through their committees, before the august embassy from Adahle "heathenland" now in the country, and press upon their attention the absolute necessity of forthwith accepting the doctrines of predestination, eternal damnation, vicarious atonement, infant baptism, original sin, and the devil. This same embassy represents, and is calculated to reach and influence, on their return, hundreds of millions of "heathen," and hence the need is the more urgent that they shall themselves be assailed with these Christian doctrines, without whose mysterious aid it is claimed that no man can be "saved." By this means a great deal of money may be saved to the contribution boxes of the various churches and Sunday schools in the land, and the work may be done up in short and more complete order. Our energetic Missionary Boards might, in another direction, find a realization of a sort of New-Old, and be able, through this Japanese embassy, to chop off the head of idolatrous Heathenism at a single blow.

But whether they will see for themselves so clear a policy of operation as this, or whether, seeing it, they conclude not to adopt it in their own case, it would nevertheless be a very interesting matter to sit quietly by and see the various Missionary Boards and Committees present themselves to the First and Second Ambassadors, and proceed to set forth the tenets whose possession and profession alone are capable of ensuring "eternal life." How the different sects would contradict one another, on the same essential and all important points, and upon authority derived from the same Bible! How astonished, at first, and how overtaken with smiles and laughter afterwards, would the ambassadors appear, as one after another of the missions presented their case to them and took their solemn leave! We should despair of being able to describe such a scene as it deserved; but the Springfield Republican has made a highly successful attempt to imagine the various points of it, and it would be absolutely cruel for us to withhold the same—or at least a good portion of it—from the enjoyment of the readers of the BANNER.

By the Republic.

"Let us suppose the Japanese, under this course of denominational visitation, and drawing out, by their gaudy cross-questions, the peculiarities of each sect, while each member of the embassy notes down the answers for future reference and comparison. A very grave and important matter, and one which, if it is his habit to tell the whole story, and to begin with Adam and comes down to the present time. He assures the wondering Oriental that Adam was not only the first man, but the 'federal head' of the race; that he was put on trial for the race, and by eating a forbidden apple he not only sinned himself, but his progeny down to the end of time sinned in him, and thus became totally wicked in their nature from birth, incapable of a single good act, and doomed to an eternity of sin and sorrow. That after four thousand years, one of the persons in the Godhead came to the world, united himself with a human being, and died on the cross as an expiatory sacrifice for the sins of men; that those of the race who believe in him, and experience through his power, a radical change in nature, will escape from sin and hell and obtain a happy immortality; that the individuals thus to be saved were selected from the race before the foundation of the world, and that to them only effectual aid is given to secure final happiness. The Oriental, who comprehends this pretty well, but is rather astonished by it. Simoni Douglas, the first ambassador, asks a few pertinent questions, and notes in his hand-book.

"For four thousand years a few of the Jews knew about Christ, but advanced him as a false prophet, and crucified him; and Jesus Christ died, for nearly two thousand years, about one in twenty have heard of him, and one tenth of these have believed—all the rest went to hell. Men—The first must be the strongest so far. Had one for the Japanese, if true." Koonaguchi Ayaoki on Kami, the second ambassador, is of a practical turn of mind, and makes inquiries as to the ethics of Christianity, and writes down, "Christ requires of his disciples justice and good will, and of those who are not his disciples, he requires that they shall be just and good. A very broad doctrine of divinity, representing 'Liberal Christianity,' next presents himself. He assures the eager listeners that these words about the fall of man, the federal head, and the rest, are all a snare and a delusion; men are just as God made them and intended them to be; they need redemption only as they go wrong in their conduct; and Christ lived, and died only to give them a good example, and to teach them of the love of God, and that they should love him, and that Christ was not God nor any part of God, but a good man, or a created being of some sort, and although those who understand his claims cannot refuse to reject them, it does not follow that God has left all the race in perdition, and that he will not pardon them; the reasonable supposition is that he will ultimately secure the happiness of all his creatures; and as to the devil, who is represented as having the largest kingdom of the two, there is no such being, but he is only a myth or a fiction of the Orientals, and the Oriental disagrees with his Presbyterian brother, and while he holds dancing and theatricals, which the other condemns, to be innocent amusements, he considers the enslavement of Africans or any human beings as the most gross violation of the law of Christianity.

The first ambassador asks the name of the sacred book used by this witness, and enters in his record, with a large exclamation mark before and after. "Both read the same book, the Bible; men must look into this book." The Baptist adds to the information of the Japanese the assurance that the aspersions of water upon the heads of Christian converts, as practiced by most Christians, will not answer, and that an entire submersion of the body is essential to their peace of mind. The Catholic tells them there is no salvation outside of his church, and all the rest of these believers will as certainly be damned as the faithless and wicked; and the representative of still another sect assures them that nobody has a right to expound Christianity upon whose head the bishop of his church has not laid his consecrating hand. The Methodist, Congregationalist, Universalist, and others add respectively something new to the ideas of the Orientals, and they find their note-books crowded full as the conference ends. The three "no-Kami" pause and take a long breath in union, as the door closes on the last representative of Christianity. At length the first ambassador breaks the silence and exclaims, "Very good, but I cannot understand." Ambassador number two nods approvingly. Ogoori Bungo on Kami, the grand censor and adviser, gives the gift of hair on his own nervous twitch, rises with dignity, carefully delivers himself—America gods very well, but have not made themselves understood; must send interpreters from Japan to read the book for them; not the religion for the Japanese, more difficult and uncertain than the religions we have now, and if the Japanese had it, they would be nothing but quarrel over it. Very good people, all these various men, but they ought to agree as to what Christianity is before they recommend it to us."

Now everybody knows that all this is pure satire, and yet it is all pure truth, too. It seems a great pity that in so much satirical matter is capable of being honestly worked into a subject about which so much notable interest is professed, and that is pretended to be of such overwhelming importance to every soul of the human race. Where, then, is the wrong? Where lies the weak point in this business? May it not be just where essential truth falls these conflicting, impertinent, and ridiculous creeds? We think it is, and that it can be

nothing else. If a spiritual principle, or law, is a fact and eternal one, certainly nobody feels like laughing about it; there is nothing to laugh at; every one who acknowledges it, acknowledges it to be a vital part, or fiber, of his own nature—and does a man permit himself to be caught laughing himself? And then these creeds—so much external; the work of mental ingenuity, stimulated by the doubts, fears and ignorance engendered by superstition; and hence they are contradictory, conflicting, and cross-contradictory in their structure as children's colic-homes, and as poorly fit to hold the ecclesiastical doctrines they are claimed to represent, much less to grasp and measure the capacities and depths of a living human soul.

It is when these make-shifts and temporary contrivances are thus brought out to the gaze of all men, and subjected to the scrutiny of those who are sought to be converted, that their littleness and painful ineffectiveness become apparent. They may manage to stand alone in the shade, and out of the public way, but the inquiring spirit of these times riddles them until they are arranged before the hope of peering. It is because this very spirit has been so long fanned, that it has been so freely denounced before; the shadows projected by the rising sun of reason have already reached the realms of these superstitions, and the advancing light will soon clear all away. People at once see the absurdity of a great many theories the moment they are put to open test, or are sought to be reduced to practice; and nothing that has occurred to the public mind of late has been productive of more real good than this very suggestion, made in a hasty way by some independent newspaper, to "try on" our polyglot creeds and beliefs upon the statue, wary, and quick minds of our new friends—good luck and long days to them!—the Japanese.

The English Tongue.

This must inevitably become the tongue of the nations. French has long been called the language of diplomacy, in the various courts of Europe, but the Anglo-Saxon is to be the language of the world. A document put forth by the London Tract Society thoughtfully remarks "that the spread of the English language is a remarkable fact in the providential dealings of the Most High with mankind. Its study is increasing over all Europe. It is the mother-tongue of the United States, as well as of the British Isles, and prevails over the whole of the vast colonies of North America, and extends to the British crown. It is the language of many of the West India Islands, and is heard, more or less, in all the centers of commercial activity in South America. It is the tongue of the infant empires of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, and appears destined to overtop the whole Polyneesian island group. From the Cape it is moving upward into the interior of Africa; and into whatever part Dr. Livingston's pieces from the West, he has spread his banner. Along the Egyptian highway to Asia it is becoming a familiar sound. Throughout all India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, it is being acquired by the most active and influential of the native population; and in the crowded ports of China it is one of the dialects of every-day life. Wherever the English language is spoken, its literature finds its way; hence it is no exaggeration to say that the preparation of a Christian literature in the English language is an object of world-wide importance."

The Arab Mantle.

All our lady readers, certainly, if not a few of the other sex—would like to know about this "mantle," which has for one season already been the rage in London, and is now getting the fair sex up to the point of fever-heat in New York. We can only say it is made either of barge, chaff, grandeur, or silk. It is a long-hair, or deep scarlet, or gold and closed about eighteen inches from the back fold. The two remaining corners—we are quoting Mrs. G. Washington Wylly now—are rounded; the closed angle forms an awkward hanging hood, with three heavy tassels, and the mantle is faced and corded entirely around with some bright-colored silk. The most dextrous arrangement of the garment will not obviate an ungainly wrinkle, or "hitch," as the ladies phrase it, under the hood; but that in the beauty of it it would not be an "Arab" without the wrinkle! Well, but how did this mantle originate. It will not be forgotten that the Queen of Oude came a state prisoner to London, a little time ago, where every article of her dress was scanned by wide-awake eyes, that at once caught the priceless Indian shawl she wore, puckered up at the back in just this way. In a few days, every lady who could boast of anything in the shape of a shawl, had it hitched up in a perfect fashion, and those with tassels to produce a greater effect, and those who were unprovided, cut cloth, silk, etc., into the shape which had been so admired on the shoulders of the hapless Oriental Queen. So spring up fashions!

The Sewing Machine.

In a little work called "The Movement Cure," something is said about the effects of constant sewing on the physical health of women; among other things, that this sort of exercise calls into action chiefly the superior portion of the body, while the trunk and lower extremities are left chiefly motionless. This evil is to be counteracted by much walking in the open air, which has the effect to equalize the circulation. Excessive use of the needle represses the free action of the diaphragm and the respiratory and abdominal muscles. On the contrary, sewing with the machine calls into action the lower extremities chiefly. There is no doubt, thinks the writer, that there are numerous instances in which the life of the feeble sewing-woman has been preserved by this machine, through its tendency to remove that incipient congestion of the chest and lungs, which is the certain prelude to pulmonary disease. It also affords more time to engage in other and more genial occupations. This exercise is, however, insufficient for the purpose of health, since it does not contribute enough to the expansion of the chest of the weakly female.

Day and Goodbye.

The great battle in India Rubber is over. An armistice was recently signed between the parties, leading afterwards to a permanent treaty of peace. Neither one of the parties in litigation any longer sue or are sued by the other. We should think they would hardly know how to get along, with not a single lawsuit on their hands. The terms of the settlement are like this: Day sells out his entire establishment to Goodbye, or his representatives, and retires from the India Rubber business entirely. The sale includes all his Rubber Patents and Rights, his Factory Estate at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and most of his goods. The amount realized therefrom exceeds \$500,000. The purchasers are Mr. William Jackson, Conrad Poppenhusen, and others, of New York, and Henry L. Daggett and Charles Rice, of Boston, who have organized a new company under the name of New York, with a paid-up capital of \$500,000. All the former litigations between all the parties have been stopped and reconciled, and Mr. Day has leased his store in Cortland street to the new company.

Quite Flattering.

Dr. Bellows, the great Unitarian preacher, and the author of the "Broad Church," delivered himself of a capital speech—his never makes any other—before his Unitarian brethren during anniversary week in Boston, in the course of which he pointedly said of our part of the country, "New England is by far the best part of the country. I have to shut my eyes when I look around me in New York, and likewise when I look to the West or to the South; but when I come to New England I keep them wide open." Starr King, on his passage to San Francisco, describes one poor fellow who lay on the deck of the steamer, day after day, reading "Paradise Lost." On speaking of the subject to his wife, who wisely observed, "Poor fellow, I suppose he never expects to go back to Boston!" And the "Antocrat," you know, dily styles this same old Boston the "hub of the universe."

The Picnic at Abington Grove.

The sun never smiled upon a more glorious day than Tuesday last, and a happier company of men, women and little children is rarely seen than went to the Abington picnic. The crowd from Boston was increased by the arrival on the grounds of people in carriages from all the neighboring towns for miles around, and hundreds came up from Plymouth, and the villages contiguous to the Old Colony Railroad, and from Taunton and New Bedford. The throng in one of the very best in the vicinity of Boston, and is plentifully supplied with refreshment stands, swings, fountains, a dancing platform, speakers' stand, etc., while a beautiful pond, which washes the grove on three sides, is provided with row and sail boats, etc., in abundance.

Soon after arriving on the grounds, the assembly were called together at the speakers' stand, by Dr. Gardner, and Mr. E. V. Wilson was chosen chairman of the singing. Dr. G. read a letter from Emma Harding, stating that the state of her feeble health would prevent her bodily presence, but in spirit she was with those who had come from their homes to meet in happy communion. Speeches were then made by E. V. Wilson, Dr. P. B. Randolph, Rev. R. P. Wilson, Miss Lizzie Dutton, Miss Laura DeForce, and Mr. Robert Taylor.

In the afternoon they were again called to order, and the company joined their voices in singing a good old fashioned hymn, which seemed sweetly to the open air, beneath the time-beating branches of the overtopping pines. Remarks were made by Mr. Wilson, Dr. Gardner, and Rev. Mr. Tyrrell. Then Dr. Randolph was called upon, and made one of his most thrilling and masterly speeches—such as none than he know better how to make when the chords of his soul are tuned with harmony and gentleness, and no rude breath of unkindness is blown upon his sensitive heart, or anxious thought of jealousy intrudes its venomous shape, to disarrange and scatter the beautiful images which spring from his prolific mind. His spoke of the religion of the world as the Jacob's ladder reaching from earth to heaven, of which each was a rung, from Paganism clear up through Manichæism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Wesleyanism, Universalism, to the highest yet attained—modern Spiritualism.

He was followed by Laura DeForce—the charming, graceful and cultivated Western girl who came amongst us a short time ago an entire stranger, but who has by her vigor of mind and beauty of person won the admiration of so many thousands in the Atlantic States. She took up the hackneyed objections to Spiritualism one at a time, and answered them with a grace, ease and power which would have done honor to any of the stars of the Suffolk Bar, Boston pulpit, or political ring. She turned the objections of the Christian world against Spiritualism back upon themselves, with terrible force, and telling appropriateness. Here were "bitter words, master," but yet she only "pictured nature too severely true." A few of our Orthodox friends heard what she said; perhaps they will be like the foxes which Sampson caught and tied to the pillars, and created such a blaze of light as the world never saw since it jumped out of chaos and wheeled into the planetary line.

Then Lizzie Dutton followed, entranced by the spirit of one of the Magdalenes of earth. In touching language she narrated the story of her life—she who "loved not wisely, but too well"—told how she had met the temptations and brutality of a conventional and "respectable" community, which gave her stones for bread and ankers for fishes; how the cream of her love poured to bitterness, and she cried only for revenge; how she descended from degradation to degradation, till disease sealed her eyes in death; how she tore her heart from her breast and threw it at the feet of the Saviour, who told her heart was purer than before she sinned; how she trampled upon that heart and ground it to powder. And then she told of her struggles in the spirit world; how in madness she cursed and reviled every one who offered to become her friend; yet how one mortal had gradually won her confidence—a man who understood her soul—a man of deep sympathy, whom the world reviled, and who himself often yielded to weakness; how he led her upward, step by step; taught her of the hope within her grasp, and aided her in her regeneration. She cast a withering rebuke upon the immaunite ones who feared contact with the living, and withdrew all human pity from the outcast and fallen. The medium alluded to the disinterested labors of Emma Harding for the relief and regeneration of sinning women, and made a touching appeal to those present to contribute to the fund to assist her in her scheme. During the delivery of her brief address, many eyes glistened with sympathetic tears, and soon after she had closed the friends pressed forward to the stand and deposited upward of twenty dollars in the hands of the Chairman, to be forwarded to Miss Harding. Miss Dutton was followed by Dr. A. C. Robinson, of New Bedford, Miss Emma Houston, of East Abington, Mrs. A. W. Delafolle, of Boston, and others.

At about half past six the excursion train returned to Boston. And thus ended one of the pleasantest gatherings of Spiritualists that ever convened in America.

Wind Wagons.

This is a kind of wagon there is not much use in "waiting" for. It is a Western idea, of course. It is the result of the ingenuity of Andrew Dawson, of Okaloosa, Kansas, and is furnished with sails, and propelled by wind. He traveled in it to Pike's Peak in twenty days. Encouraged by this success, other parties in the same town set about the construction of the same kind of wagon, and a party of eight started out on the prairie to try one which had just been finished. The wind was blowing a gale at the moment; everything worked to a charm. The occupants, gliding swiftly over the prairie, were delighting themselves with anticipations of a speedy and comfortable trip to the mountains, when the velocity of the vehicle created a lively alarm for their safety. The wagon sped onward before the driving wind faster and faster, until the axle-trees broke and deposited them all on the ground, in a somewhat damaged condition, from broken heads, bruised limbs and bodies. The speed of the machine is said to have been forty miles per hour.

Church and his Pictures.

The New York Tribune gives us a few words respecting this price among native painters, which are very welcome. It says that he evinces almost as much inclination in bestowing names upon his pictures as he does in painting them. "Twilight in the Wilderness," the title of his new landscape, is almost as good a name as "The Heart of the Andes," and there are many who think the new picture is the better one of the two. It has, without a doubt, more poetical feeling and unity of design, and, in certain parts, has never been excelled by any of his previous performances. Now, that he has finished this picture, he will probably go to work upon his studies of icebergs, which he brought from Newfoundland last year, and give us a composition of Ocean grandeur worthy of a companionship with his Niagara, his Heart of the Andes, and his Twilight in the Wilderness.

Strawberries.

This delicious early summer fruit never was more abundant than now, and never will be. The market is supplied abundantly, prices enabling almost every family to regale themselves. But they ought to be farished much cheaper even than they are. Ten cents a box for good fruit in the Boston market would place it in the power of every poor family to eat this choice product of the garden to their palate's content. That is enough, allowing there a fair profit. We go for cheap fruit, and cheap flowers. Then we may gradually look for human labor to be abandoned, and drawn out by the tender loss of something better than the currency.

Judge Edwards' Letters to the N. Y. Tribune. Those interesting letters, written by Judge Edwards and published in the New York Tribune, have just been issued in tract form, and are for sale by S. T. Munson, New York, and Bela Marsh, Boston. We have a few at our counter.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 20.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Broad street, every Wednesday evening.

Question.—Would the theory that man is controlled by an absolute law of necessity in all his acts, be productive of morality or immorality?

Mr. BROWN.—Let the individual who thinks that the doctrine of necessity tends to immorality try the experiment within himself, and know by experience; let him search for the motives of wrong or immoral actions; and, if he finds what appears to be none, let him analyze it, searching into the laws of causation, practicing upon himself the charity which the doctrine begets for others, distinguishing between the crime and the criminal; let him condemn the act, but mercifully forgive the actor, and notice if he does not find, from the necessity of the case, that there is something within him a grace or divine goodness that naturally expresses itself in a pure life than could have been conceived in an unforgiving spirit. Some suppose that a believer in the doctrine of necessity must adopt the idea of Brother Child, that everything that is, is right, I do not so understand it, but rather that a proper consideration of the doctrine of necessity exhibits the truth involved in the broad assertion that everything that is, is right, in such a light as to enable the soul to perceive its beauty, and appreciate the intuitive perceptions of our brother, without adopting his form of expression.

The beauty of the Dr.'s position consists in its usefulness. He has given his conceptions of one of the grandest truths that can be conceived. It had been a pictorial exhibition of unadorned truth, a philosophical picture, drawn with the finest lines of metaphysical distinction, embodying all the colors and tones of our affectional nature, blending the perfect sovereignty of God with the free agency of man, through every conceivable condition of human thought and action, exhibiting the different degrees of freedom, causatively acquired, so as to constitute a perfect picture of absolute justice, it would not have been, or be, so divinely useful.

Some would read the forthcoming book, and admire the picture of words; a few would look beyond the picture, to the unfolding truth, and be fed with angels' food; but the great majority of the moral and religious world would sleep on in their ignorance, until some startling crime or gross immorality had awakened their stupor; consciousness into a condition to judge themselves and others as they would like to be judged. The Doctor has made statements which seem to the superficial thinker the greatest absurdities a sane man could conceive. His book will be bought and read; his assertions will surprise the readers; they will become contentions, and set themselves to work to refute his statements, and learn to their advantage that "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Perceiving the truth involved, but not satisfied with the Doctor's form of expression, they will embody it in new forms of thought, clothed in the language of their peculiar sphere, each expressive of his special idea of right, all agreeing in the central thought, that there is right, in the fountain of causation, an infinite depth of mentality, in which everything that is, has been, or is to be, is absolutely right, to which we may continually approach and never comprehend. Within this fountain, the human soul, though it is the most insignificant drop in the wall of life, blared all over with the peculiarities of the pit in which it is being dug, had its origin. It was there that the eternal properties of truth conceived its conscious existence and extended the divine conception, through all the different degrees or conditions of spiritual gestation, into conscious being. Supposing the perfect spirit is diluted by its extension to corruptible substance, if it was a necessary clothing for its infantile condition, was it not a divine means to a divine end? was not its birth, although thus extended, an absolute good, a word of God, though it bear the mark of the beast, with all the properties, peculiarities and perversities of the material matter that pronounced that word in the birth of his child? Verily it was right, absolutely right, though the child has been doing comparatively wrong ever since. The correcting of comparative wrong constitutes a scale of progression, in which we perceive and measure moral qualities and mark metaphysical and qualitative distinctions, with their respective conditions of love and affectional intentions, voiced in the particular parts of the grand anthem of life each is impelled to perform. No one can perceive for another; each must mark and weigh for himself; all must sound their own voices, and learn through effects that attuned volume of love in the soul, attuned to the law of life, that goes to constitute the music of the spheres. So long as we continue in the ascending scale, or spheres of morality, we shall always find, and mark ourselves wanting, in the superior qualities. This was the final manifestation of an infinite necessity that existed in the divine fountain, and cannot be satisfied until the finite capacities to receive be equal to its infinite Giver's power to bestow.

Mr. RICHARDSON.—I believe that the character of a man is formed for him, but not by him. He does what he does from necessity. I have changed my occupation and my residence often, and in every case it seems to be the ruling of a power beyond my control. I do not know that I ever did anything which I was not forced into doing. I know no free will in matter. I cannot do as I wish to. My experience teaches me that man does not make his own character, but circumstances shape it. In my experience this belief tends to morality. I cannot speak for others.

Mr. WASHINGTON.—As I have said before, there should be a definite understanding in the use of terms. There is a doctrine of necessity which pertains to you and to me. If I understand man's interior consciousness, it is an outbirth from Deity. As I understand the matter of generation and growth, at conception the two parents are in a state of entanglement, during which God, or nature—use any term you will—plants the germ of a soul. From that germ the soul is destined to grow and, obstructed as it may be in time or in eternity it will have its growth. It will aspire and love; it will feed on good; and cannot do any other way. There is a choice in our life, but it is influenced by circumstances around us. The body may have its food at its accustomed time; circumstances may prevent it; and if it is deprived of its food for a certain length of time, the body and the soul will be unbalanced. But no accident, no circumstance, no power, will sever the soul from its God. Our judgments are governed by the circumstances surrounding us. We cannot have strength of morality except by exercise of it. If you have not read the article by Emma Harding in last week's BANNER—"A Fragment from a Page of Gold"—I would advise you all to read it. The last part of it, in particular, alludes to this truth with a degree of beauty I have scarcely seen equalled in human language. All we know of God is his revelation unto our own consciousness. The words of Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," are applicable to all of us. God himself cannot forgive us in any other way than as we forgive those who injure us. The soul must and will have its growth, either on earth or in heaven. Circumstances may obstruct and defer; but as sure as there is a God of souls, so sure will each spark from off that central soul be ultimately in growth.

Dr. RANDOLPH.—Of course we—you, I, all men and things, are governed by laws of necessity. God to me seems as a sun, whose rays are absolute laws of necessity. Suppose we are under the influence of one of them, which makes us miserable, we are not obliged to stay there; for while it is utterly impossible for us to evade them, yet we have the power of shifting from under the baleful, to the control of another whose effects upon us will be good, and productive of personal and general well. It hurts me to kick at empty space; so it does to talk on the only one side of this question. No one but admits the law of necessity. Free will absolutely is a castle in the air. It implies absolute independence both of God and nature; yet relatively—within a certain limited field we have op-

tion, choice? We are in a straight line, hedged on both sides by fearful pains and penalties, but for our punishment, but as warnings to keep the middle, which is always the wiser course; when we do so, the results are charming, and happiness results; when we run into either hedge, we get pricked and burnt. Iron laws govern us, and it is my deliberate conviction that a universal recognition of this fact will promote all virtue and all goodness. I believe that, as I have devised it, an acceptance of the philosophy of necessity must unavoidably lead to moral purity. How? Any one can very plainly see.

"The pathway of happiness lies in the mean—A vice on each side, and a virtue between." The double laws of necessity require us to keep moving over in the right direction.

Mr. SROOK.—I cannot conceive of any action outside of necessity. What motive can we have for doing anything? We are swayed by the passions of hope, despair, love, hate, etc. We should not know what to do if we did not know the effect certain actions would produce. This law is identical with the existence of morality, and there is no morality beyond its recognition. A man cannot do anything other than as he pleases. Whoever heard of a man doing as he did not please? To be sure, a man may be forced into doing a thing, but then he pleases to do it for fear of worse results—on the principle that it is best to choose the least of two evils. It is absurd for us to say we can do anything of ourselves. Men differently situated choose different things. There are circumstances which stand behind all we do. We may make a blunder, but we do as well as we know how to do, and can do no more. Everything in the universe beneath the first cause is governed by fixed laws, and law of necessity is the will of the first cause. There is no freedom of the will. A man is impelled to action—as the skyrocket is sent through the air—according to the force given him.

Mr. STANFORD.—Isn't this a singular theory, that man is but a mere automaton? I believe in the freedom of the will, is there not a power of self-command, and self-conquest in every man, by which the drunkard becomes sober and the vicious man reformed? According to the theory advanced, there is no work to be done, but whatever is done is right, and can never be wrong, no matter what its effect upon others and upon ourselves. This theory is consistent with the idea of a God possessed by some; but rather than accept the theory I would reject such a God, and believe blasphemy would be a virtue.

Dr. GARDNER.—It seems to me man has a certain freedom of will, but yet it is controlled by an absolute law of necessity. It is hard to bring my mind to the fact that I cannot do as I please; yet there is a power within every man which shapes his actions to a result altogether beyond his thought. It seems as though there were little trivialities every day, of no particular consequence, where a man may do a thing or not do it, with equal ease. But suppose a man has made up his mind to go to a certain place, and then something else is presented which calls off his attention from his original purpose; it seems to me a man is left free to decide which to do. Man has two laws; animal, or selfish, and spiritual, or moral. Judas, acting under the first law, betrayed his brother Jesus; but, as soon as the act was perpetrated, and the object accomplished, that faculty went to sleep, as it were, and the spiritual law awoke within him. So great was his loathing of himself for his selfishness and baseness, that he went and hanged himself—became his own executioner. It seems to me these laws are sometimes so closely balanced that man's own will may decide which course he will take. In going to my home tonight, I have power to go up Washington street, the most direct route, or across the Common, or two or three other ways. I know I have this power of choice. A man with strong animal propensities and weak spiritual, must be confined to a limited plane; but a well-balanced brain gives a man power of choice. Every thinking mind will admit that the doctrine of necessity tends to morality. How different is it from Orthodoxy, with its doctrine inculcating despair and darkness, and leading man blindly forth on the path toward death and destruction, with nothing to save him from the yawning gulf of woe save a providential interposition! A few years ago the laws controlling me would have led me to do violence to any man who insulted me now, I could not strike him; my condition has changed, by the changing of the laws which govern me. I find it difficult to make my position clear. There is a consciousness beyond all logic and all analogy in our own souls.

Mr. SROOK.—Isn't the idea absurd, of a thing controlling itself?

Dr. GARDNER.—If you mean a primrose, I would say yes; but if you mean a combination of primroses forming a thinking being, I should say no at once.

Mr. EDSON said a few words in reply to Mr. Simmons.

The chairman announced the following subject for discussion next week: "Shall we contend for good and resist evil?"

Mr. WILSON at the Melodeon.

This well-known lecturer and soul-reverer gave a brief lecture and public test examination at the Melodeon on Sunday evening last.

He narrated numerous examples of the power of mind over mind, and explained what to him seemed the philosophy of spirit-control. He informed the audience concerning the manner of his examinations, and the power through which he receives his impressions—through the electric current of the spirits.

His lecture was mainly devoted to the definition of spirit-life, and the manner of distinguishing the good from evil influences, their means of operation, power of control, etc. He claimed that evil spirits were drawn toward places of uncleanness and filth, and so a state of chastity and purity was the most impervious armor to keep them at bay. Evil influences can be averted conquered by a firm intention to do right and not to sever from the path of duty.

He related in illustration a case of obsession of a young girl by a father who had died of delirium tremens, and who avowed his wish to kill the child. The spirit was cast out by downward manipulations, when the girl fell in weakness, and was soon clothed in her right mind; and gradually she has improved from that day to this.

He related his manner of coming in rapport with the spirits of the living in order to read the records of their past. He then pointed out gentlemen in the audience—Messrs. J. P. Ordway, John Davies, Dr. Dillingham, John Salmon, Esq., and others, all strangers to him—and proceeded to describe their traits of character, the marked events of their lives, etc., to the general satisfaction of all the parties.

Ada L. Hoyt.

To gratify the great demand for this excellent medium, she has consented to make a summer tour through the West, returning to Boston in September. Her route will be from Troy to Chicago and Milwaukee; and she will give public test seances in the intermediate towns. Her father will accompany her as protector and business manager.

The friends desiring her services, as above, will address her at Troy, N. Y., previous to July 10th; afterwards at Chicago, Ill.

THE LITTLE MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—By an advertisement in another column, our readers will observe that the little Miss Story, the precocious performer upon the melodeon and pianoforte, is to appear in Boston next week. The accounts which are given of her performances in Salem and other parts of Essex county, are truly surprising—playing, as she does, more than fifty tunes, giving the complete harmony, bass accompaniment, etc.

Hereafter the postage of a single letter by the Hamburg steamers, between New York and any town or city in Germany and Switzerland, will not exceed fifteen cents.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"THE AGE OF VIATCH."—The conclusion of the ninth paper will appear in our forthcoming issue. It should have been printed ere this, but the pressure of other matter prevented. When we receive patronage enough to enable us to double the size of our paper, similar discrepancies will be obviated.

Our esteemed correspondent "Phonix" has sent us an essay on *Misdeeds*, which we shall publish in our next number.

B. P. Reed, Esq., writing to us under date of June 17th, says:—"Please send your glorious *Light* this way for six months, and at the expiration of that time I will endeavor to get up a club." This is the way we like to have subscribers talk.

"A careless, uneducated country girl," "replies on" our "generosity" to send her the BANNER. We should be pleased to mail it to every body, gratis, could we afford so to do; but, as we cannot, we hope our friends, and their friends, and their friends' friends, will remit as often as possible, that we may be sustained in the great work we have undertaken.

We would inform our "classical" friends of the Court that M. Van Buren, Esq., the "detective medium," as he calls himself, is now exhibiting his handiwork person at Danvers's American Museum. The *Living Legend*, Dr. R. O. Wickware, is also there. A fine couple, truly! If the *Courier* doubts our statement, it will find the advertisement of the "great showman"—which is our authority—in the N. Y. Tribune. So we go. Where's the Report?

We have been requested to inform Miss Annie Lord that she will be welcomed to Newburyport by the Spiritualists there. Address either Mr. R. Sherman, or A. Horton, Esq.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson will speak at Hampton, N. H., July 1st, 8th and 15th.

Many of our risk people are packing up their "cuds," preparatory to a sojourn at the seashore or in the country during the warm season. But the poor people are obliged to remain and toil on, mid dust and heat. Such's life. The former have their heaven on earth; the latter, theirs in spirit

MEDICAL TREATMENT IN NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE
D. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., Professor of Pathology and
 Director of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the
 Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of
 every form of human weakness and disease, in person or by
 letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its
 effects, reliable in the most desperate cases, and justly worthy
 of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are
 purely vegetable. No 18 Temple Place Boston Mass.
 Oct. 1. 1891

had secured a place, thinking it might be more pleasant for me. And it was for hotels in the country in California. I don't mean much comfort, though I have had here in California, as well as other places, and as well furnished, as at home; but as at home they are confined for the most part to cities. I delivered four lectures there to good, intelligent audiences, and spent ten days as pleasantly as any of my life. The acquaintances made in Nevada will live in my memory always; for there was nothing but good, and that never dies. There is a beautiful of them, but they are earnest souls. God bless them, and increase their strength, that they may be able to do battle with the outside oppression. The clergymen of the place all united (three churches, I think,) to strengthen themselves against the evil that was in their midst, the Sunday after I left, and the physicians were going to send me to Stockton—in other words, to the insane asylum, which is located there. If I did not leave within three days. Unfortunately I had an engagement which forced me to leave, or I should have remained to allow them to do so; but I am going back again, and then they will have opportunity to carry out their threats. All these things are good for the cause, and me.

Omege is twenty miles north of Nevada, and as directly up into the clouds as horses and carriages can take you. There was snow by the side of the trail, which lay through a dense forest—or which has been so, but many of the longest trees are cut down now for lumber. We were obliged to wind around the range of the Sierra Nevada, by the South Yuba River, and from the trail in many places you could look down upon it from a distance of several hundred feet. Oh, these grand old mountains and huge trees, that have stood undisturbed for years, with their thick clouds wrapped so lightly around them, bidding defiance to everything but civilization! There the grizzly bear held their court, with none to molest but the red man, who has stepped further back into the mountains since the pale faces came, and now old bears prey for the depredations he commits upon the pigs, with his life. We passed one point where the driver said one man had killed seven within two months. We went a distance of fifteen miles through these woods, where the trees, mostly pine, some hemlock and oak, were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet high, some even measuring three hundred. They cut none for timber less than a hundred and fifty, and to thus they get six saw-logs of twelve feet in length before they reach the limbs, which would be seventy-two feet; after that they do not think the timber worth anything. These trees, of one hundred and fifty feet, are eight feet through when they are cut, and but little less at the limbs, perfectly straight, and the bark thick and smooth.

They are immense, and one can hardly believe but what these must be exceptions, and not a general growth; but along this range I know I speak truly. For any other portion of the country I say nothing; for you find every twelve miles an different production and growths as you will find in the East in distances of hundreds of miles. Hence the peculiar character of California.

After reaching a summit, we went directly down the highest point into Oregon, (the end of mining camp to this direction,) for two miles, and I found myself at my journey's end, where I was to lecture that evening. I was as comfortable as the surroundings could make me, and a few earnest souls, anxious to hear the first lecture upon the subject of Spiritualism, I had a full house, but most came from the doct to hear a woman talk with her eyes shut. I delivered two lectures here, to attentive audiences, and was treated with great kindness by the friends, and respect from outside.

Here I am feeling, too, the first snow I have seen in California, except at a distance, and this the fifth day of May; but remember that I am eight thousand feet above San Francisco; and, though the snow is here seven or eight inches deep, at Alpha, a mile further down the mountain, and almost perpendicular, the vegetation are growing. One is strongly struck with these contradictions they meet with all over California, and can hardly believe except they see.

I had got tired of writing, and my fingers numbed with the cold, when I threw myself down on my bed, which lay where I could watch the snow-fakes as they fell on a neighboring roof, whose close proximity to my window made each flake distinctly seen. I thought how like life each flake was an individual—but the roof upon which it fell was warm, and invited it to rest on its bosom. The sun was in mid-heaven, and thought not visible it heat was felt, and all conspired to give the poor snow-fake confidence. After a while it yielded itself to the influence, and lost itself in tears that were trickling down the roof, and was at last swallowed up in the great earth. So I lay and thought till the lands on my watch (a dear little watch-glass of a dear friend) counted sixty minutes.

The wind changed—the sun shed its rays horizontally upon the roof, and in place of that inviting look, it wore an air of defiance. In the thin ice that was gathering there. The snow-fakes changed, too, and instead of harmoniously rounded forms they spread their arms and inflated their little bodies in defiance, too, and down they came jostling and crowding, but obliged to fall by the law of life. There at last they lay compact and firm, each maintaining its own individuality.

Here I leave them and you, dear reader; perhaps you cannot trace our lives in them as I did; when in sunshine and affection we yield ourselves to it so readily, but when coldness and distrust close in about us, we, like that thin snow-fake, put forth our little powers of resistance, too, and live crowded with good thoughts we cannot give off. Let us each meet the end in affection. It will give us more room in life.

I have much more to tell you, but this letter is already too long. Yours for good, M. Muxson.

The Banner Messages.

J. DUNN, GREENWICH, N. J. I am a constant reader of your excellent paper, and agree with you in the main; still I find it hard to get over old prejudices, having been all my life a true Free-Republican. There is one thing I cannot account for. In the community of those through your medium, Mrs. Conant, the spirits often describe themselves as clearly: their age at death, name, place of residence, marks and peculiarities of person, etc., that there can be no mistake as to their identity, and yet some are in the community of those who must know if the message is true. It is not possible that they are all opposed to the doctrine, and being kept silent for fear of confirming it. How is it?

I can truly say that before this beautiful plan of salvation, as our preachers say, was presented to my mind, I was one of the most unhappy of men; death, hell, judgment to come, an angry God, were constantly on my mind.

From private sources we have already evidence enough that the communications given through Mrs. Conant, and published weekly in this paper, have proved true to individuals to warrant the conclusion that all that have been given have somewhere found a response—have done the work designed by the controlling influence of this branch of spirit manifestations, notwithstanding the facts are yet kept secret. To this end we have much unpublished testimony, which by request we refrain from making public.

Lectures in New Hampshire.

"O." FRANKLIN, N. H., June 18.—The people of this town were blest by a visit on Sunday, the 3d inst., from that pilgrim in the cause of advancing humanity, Uriah Clark. He spoke both in the morning and evening to quite full and very intelligent audiences. He is an earnest, eloquent and able exponent of the doctrine given by the angels, and illustrated and confirmed by the highest intuitions of humanity, and will do the cause and itself credit wherever he may speak.

Also, on the evenings of 6th and 8th inst., Miss L. E. DeForce lectured here. Her meetings were well attended, and very generally satisfactory. She speaks in the consistent trance state. Her discourses were marked by much power of argument and an easy and elegant diction. Indeed, I do not believe that either the pulpit or the bar of New Hampshire can furnish an orator who can speak, without preparation,

upon a special subject, with as much intelligence, and ease of address, as Miss DeForce.

The Boston Conference.

J. R. ROBINSON, DUNSTON, ILL.—It is curious that the Boston Conference should be so much ahead of that in New York, when the latter is some years the oldest now this is the remark of many in this quarter. Dr. Clark meets the responses of a large number of thinkers in his ideas of evil, so far as my acquaintance extends. However preposterous they may sound at first, they reach into the angel world. When man can enter the world of causes he will see evil, any more than he, Child. Evil exists only in the physical world, which embraces all existence on this side of the angelic development. We in the gross physical world, equally with all others, are in the sphere of elemental existence.

Spiritualism in Toronto, Etc.

DEAR BANNER.—For some time past it has been my privilege and happiness, in common with a few other fellow citizens in the City of Toronto, to see your excellent paper, and to admire the noble ground it has taken in the cause of human progress and religious reform. I have also had the opportunity of perusing and studying the principal works on the Harmonical Philosophy, and on subjects connected with the New Dispensation. Though previously to my having had any knowledge, I may say whatever, except in name, or after the fashion of table-turning, which I did not understand, as to the cause by which it was produced—I entertained the belief that revelation, in its usual religious sense and acceptance, was not confined to Jewish and Christian countries alone—God giving, through good men and true in all countries, in all ages, and in the midst of peoples widely different from each other in color, in educational standing, in moral and religious culture, and in scientific and philosophical research and science, that light of divine and eternal truth, which their respective wants and necessities required, and which fitted them for such a discharge of the duties of life, as to lead them in their generation, as prepared them for the enjoyment and the fruition of a heavenly and eternal country. I never believed that God spoke otherwise than through his works, of which man is the noblest and most perfect; and believing in the divine paternity of God and the universal brotherhood and salvation of man—my mind early perceived that He who could take care of the moral, spiritual and physical wants of Jews and Christians, could as easily take care of the similar wants of the Mahomedan, the Brahmin, the follower of Confucius, and of the other less civilized tribes and races of men over our habitable and inhabited world. The Bible, too, I viewed in the light of a book that was written by different individuals far off in a remote, and from the present standpoint of scholarly attainments and learning, gloomy antiquity—they having been sometimes inspired writers, but not always so, in what at this day is honored with and bears their names.

Taking a survey, in this general way, of the religious world, and also of the religious books of different countries, my mind easily glided into the belief that God gave to the world, everywhere, the knowledge when and in the degree that it required it, in all countries amongst all colors of men, civilized and uncivilized; and perceiving that this knowledge was not all given at once, but as the New Testament aptly describes and expresses it, "in sundry times, and in divers manners," my mind also easily glided into the belief, which I have now for several years held, of continuous and progressive revelation. This progressive and continuous revelation of divine and eternal truth I believed perceived immediately from the Almighty, as I had no other name adequate for the world-wide effect of which I knew I perceive it to be; for as regarded these good before, my views were different at different times, sometimes believing that they still held, and at other times believing and experiencing doubts on the subject. My belief, however, in a material or physical revelation, if I ever entertained one such, had vanished, the idea appearing too absurd and ridiculous for me to cherish and maintain.

The evidence of the existence of those departed this life, in common with thousands of others, wanted and viewed as a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Science, in all its branches, and as well, occupying the ground of knowledge based on facts, on demonstrative evidence, I felt deeply the want of similar kind of evidence of the certainty of immortality, such as that now furnished in the present day would have been considered.

I recollect well the sensation Spiritualism at first produced in England, emanating as it did from this side the Atlantic—the delivering of lectures over the country on the subject—the attribution of it to satanic agency; and I also witnessed table-turning; but from want of the opportunity, I believe in a great measure, such as that afforded by newspapers and books advancing and expressing its views. I did not enter on the study of the subject at all, nor from respecting it either a favorable or unfavorable opinion and estimate. In 1838 I came with my family to Canada—to the city from which I now write; and here I found the opportunity I before had not of investigating the subject—studying such of its phenomena as came within the sphere of my own observation and experience, as well as such accounts of others as the Banner, Telegraph, Clarion, and other spiritual papers contained, as well as the investigations of scientific men on the subject, when the evidence proved to me satisfactory and convincing of spirit communication, and, consequently, of the continued existence of those near and dear to me.

I may observe here that I was educated for, and for several years occupied, the pulpit in England, in connection with the Unitarian body of that country; and that I am now prepared to lecture or preach in the same, on subjects of a reformatory nature, in accordance with the advanced and advancing views of the New Dispensation.

I may also here briefly remark that in Toronto there is a considerable number of Spiritualists amongst whom there are several excellent mediums, rappers, trances, etc., and that in my examination the work of religious and moral reform is going on, if not with great rapidity, at least surely and well.

"I said that there are a good many Spiritualists dispersed over the Canada; but for this statement I speak only from report, not having myself yet had the opportunity of forming an opinion, or judging at least from personal experience.

With best wishes for the BANNER's success and for the cause of truth as being evolved under the New Dispensation, I am yours, etc.,

Toronto, C. W., June 18, 1860. R. HARRIS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

PSALM 46: 10.

BY PHILIA.

The silence of night presses soft round my soul, And visions of beauty surround me all; From the far heights of Heaven to cheer my dim way, While struggling on toward those bright realms of day. And soft as the breath of the zephyr's play, And bright as the sunset at close of day, And clear as the ring of the lyre's strain, Are these tones that ring out from God's own Word. Oh! still be the play of each earth-born thought, Still be the emotion with selfishness fraught, Still be each uprising of murmuring doubt— Let self be o'ercome, let self be cast out! Room, room for my God in his heart of mine! That here he may work out his will divine: Father, I love Thee, my Saviour and God, For thy love beams out from thy obnoxious rod! East Medway, June, 1860.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTUREURS.

Parties invited under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

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